

THE

CHARLESTON

EARTHQUAKE.

Spectacular Drama.

BY

E. OFTEBEECK.

IN THREE ACTS.

KAHRS & WELCH.

—PRINTERS AND BINDERS—

175 East Bay. Charleston, S. C.

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—BY—

EUGENE OPTEBEECK

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Cast of Characters.

MR. CHARLES WILSON...Whose prophecy comes true that the
earth will tremble.

MR. HENRY CHASE.....A villian in fine clothes

MR. JAMES RODMAN.....The father of Jennie

MR. WILLIAM BANGS.Keeper of tavern

MR. LUNG SING.....One Chinaman who gets there

MRS .BETSY BANGS.....Bangs' better half

MISS SUSAN BELL.....Too sweet too live

MISS JENNIE RODMAN.....The heroine

AND MINERS,



— ACT I —
IN CHARLESTON.

(SCENE.—*In the Rodman House.—Mr. Rodman at sideboard drinking.*)

For thirteen years (ic) ever since Jennie's mother died, I have drank until (ic) I drink no more. [EXIT.]

(*Enter SUSAN, dusting.*)—There he goes again. I dont know what is to become of the master if he keeps on this way. Why! it was only last week that he came home so paralyzed that it nearly broke poor missus little heart, but like her, she would stick to him through thick and thin, and, there that Henry Chase; I know missus dont care a snap of her finger for him, but she is awfully sweet on Charlie. (In) But how her face lights up when she sees him. Isuppose it will turn out as like in the theatre the ther night when my Willie took me,

(*Knock at the door.—Enter HENRY CHASE.—Sits at table.*)

Is Mr. Rodman in?

(*Susan.*)—Yes sir! but he is sleeping, sir!

(*H. Chase.*)—Well, tell him I want to see him, and be quick about it.

(*Susan.*)—Yes, sir! but what must I tell him, sir?

(*H. Chase.*)—Tell him Mr. Chase desires to see him on business at once.

(*Susan.*)—Yes, sir! (*aside*) I dont like him, he has the cut of a deep dyed villain, [EXIT.]

(*H. Chase.*)—It seems as if every one hates me in this house, but I think I hold the winning cards with a mortgage over Rodman's head. I'll yet win his daughter; she refused me once, but I will yet make her bow her proud head to me.

(*Enter Mr. Rodman.*)

(*Mr. Chase.*)—Good morning, Mr. Rodman!

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Good morning, sir!

(*Both sit down.*)

(*Mr. Chase.*)—I have called to see you, Mr. Rodman, on a subject which I hope will meet with your approval. I love your daughter, Jennie, and it is one of the greatest wishes of my life to make her my wife. I will give her a luxurious

home. In fact, everything to make her happy.

(*Mr. Rodman, rising very angry.*)—Stop, Mr. Chase; a man with your reputation as a sporting man of Charleston! Never sir! God knows I've have drag her down enough myself.

(*Mr. Chase, rising excited.*)—So this is my answer after all I done for you.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Yes, final answer.

(*H. Chase.*)—So I am refused like a dog. Well, let it be, but you forget that I hold a mortgage on this house, yes, and everything in it too, so that you need expect no mercy from me, for out you go to-morrow.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—For God sake, dont do that, anything but that. I will be your slave.

(*Mr. Chase.*)—Enough, consent to this marriage and I will give you a receipt for the mortgage and \$5,000 or else

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Give me till to-morrow to think it over.

(*Mr. Chase.*)—Not a day nor an hour.

(*Mr. Rodman, sadly.*)—Well, I consent.

(*H. Chase.*)—But there is one obstacle in the way.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—And what is that?

(*H. Chase.*)—Charles Wilson.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—I will settle him.

(*H. Chase.*)—But you forget that he saved her life once, and she will love him for that.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Never fear, I will fix him.

(*H. Chase, going to door.*)—Remember, I will stand no wailing. [EXIT.]

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Alas, I have doomed my child to a living death. [EXIT.]

(*Enter Jennie.*)—Song, "MY LOVE"

WORDS BY E. OPTEBEECK.

MUSIC BY HOFFMAN.

I know tis' hard to part like this
 To roam forever more,
 To think of those who parted thus
 Whose love has ner been more.
 Tis hard for those who loved like this
 When days is passing o'er,

And longing is my weary heart
 To part for never more,
 To part for never more.

2

No time shall ever part us thus
 The love we loved before,
 Tis harder yet to leave you thus
 When days is passing oe'r.
 The passing years must come and go
 Whom we may see no more,
 But I'll wait for thee as err before
 To part for never more,
 To part for never more.

Chorus My love, my only love
 My hope thou ere be true,
 For now and ever and forever
 I love no one but thee,

I wonder what brings Henry Chase here. Ever since I refused him he has kept dodging my steps; but sooner than marry him, I would as leave be dead. But I wonder what keeps Charlie. I have never known him to keep away so long.

(*Charlie Wilson enters.*)—Ahem! ahem! may I come in, Jennie?

(*Jennie.*)—Why certainly, you old goose, you are always welcome.

(*Charlie.*)—I know I always has a welcome from you, but not from the old man. But Jennie, I have something especially to say to you. Jennie, the fact is I ah, I ah, (*aside*) (oh how in the mischief will I state it) the fact is, Jennie, you might have seen for a long time my affection for you. I may say love ever since the time I seen you struggling in the waters, and when you held up your little hands for me to save you, I have learnt to, yes, dared to love you. I dont ask for any promise, but only give me some hope. I start for the far West tomorrow, but before I go away, is there any hope for me. Before Henry Chase came here, I believed you love me.

(*Jennie.*)—Love Henry Chase! never, I as soon as marry the

commonest man in the street.

(*Charlie.*)—Then you do love me once again.

(*Jennie.*)—My heart has always been yours ever since you saved me on that terrible night. (Embraces her.)

Song by Charlie. "LOVE ME ONCE AGAIN."

WORDS BY E. OPTEBEECK.

MUSIC BY HOFFMAN.

I wander by the loving place
Where there we used to go,
And long again to see your face
To see your face once more.
And loving vows plighted there
Beneath the old oak tree,
When I will know how true you were
And I to you and to me.

2

As memory drifts to our childhood days
To our youth that be no more,
And think of our happy days
That will never come no more.
But dreams like these must past away
For soon we'll be no more,
Those pleasant are those childhood days
But we'll never see no more.

Chorus Oh love me once again
Beneath the old oak tree,
Shall it wait again
Shall it wait for me?

(*Charlie.*)—Now Jennie, I start to-morrow, and I must get your father's consent before I leave you.

(*Jennie.*)—So soon! and I am afraid you will not have such an easy time of it, for I believe father intends to marry me to that man, but I will always be true to you. (Embraces her.)

Song "I'LL ALWAYS BE TRUE TO YOU,"

By Jennie and Charlie.

WORDS BY E. OPTEBEECK.

MUSIC BY HOFFMAN.

Oh wait a moment, I beg thee stay
 I'll always be true to you,
 Oh promise me, its the only way
 I'll always be true to you,

2

Though many years may come and go
 I'll always be true to you,
 Though you come and find an old maid in store
 I'll always be true to you.

3

I promise, yes, promise that
 I'll always be true to you,
 I promise too, promise what!
 I'll always be true to you.

4

Though I come to you like a common spy
 I'll always be true to you,
 Then come to you with a great big lie
 I'll always be true to you.

Chorus Yes! I'll always be true to you
 Always be true to you,
 Though miles away I'll think of you
 I'll always be true to you.

(*Charlie.*)—Never fear, I will get his consent; for when I have yours, that is half the battle. So run and call him. (Exit, Jennie kisses her hand to him.)

There goes my heart. Well! I am indeed a lucky fellow. Many a one would give half their fortunes to win a girl like that; but I dont think I will have such an easy time in getting the old man's consent, but it is worth the trial.

(*Enter Mr. Rodman.*)

(*Charlie.*)—Good morning! Mr. Rodman.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Good morning! Charlie.

(*Charlie.*)—I am about to leave the city to-morrow, and would ask the hand of your daughter. I love her and will try and make her happy.

(*Mr. Rodman, rising.*)—Sir! you forget yourself. Give my daughter to you! My daughter marry a man who is said to hardly own his own name; who can barely support himself. Never sir! I may as well tell you sir, I have an offer this morning for my daughters hand.

(*Charlie.*)—But I have her consent already that she loves me.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Love fiddlesticks. Love has nothing to do with marriage nowadays.

(*Charlie.*)—But sir!

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—No but sir, I have decided.

(*Charlie.*)—Mr. Rodman, you do me an injustice, but I will not give her up. I will make a name that you will be proud to own; yes, one that will make the very earth tremble. (Exit Charlie excited.)

(*Enters Jennie.*)

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—So! so! this is the way you love a worthless man by giving your consent before asking me.

(*Jennie.*)—But, father, I love him. Was it not at the risk of his own life that he saved mine. How could I but help but love him.

(*Mr. Rodman, gently.*)—Ta! ta! ta! But, my child, I promised your hand to Henry Chase. He is rich.

(*Enter H. Chase in meantime.*)

(*H. Chase.*)—Let me plead my own cause. Jennie, I love you. I will give you everything you can wish for; horses, carriages—in fact, everything to make you happy.

(*Jennie.*)—The very sight of him disturbs me. The wishes of my father I would cheerfully comply with, but the repugnance I cannot overcome. No sir! I still refuse.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Do you know that a mortgage is over my head, and that if it is not paid we will be driven out of house and home into the streets.

(*Jennie.*)—And father, would you sell your own flesh and blood. Father! anything but that. See! on my knees there is nothing I would not do. I will give up Charlie. I have al-

ways been a dutiful daughter to you, but this I cannot, even to save you.

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—Then you refuse to comply with my wishes.

(*Jennie.*)—I cannot marry him.

(*Mr. Rodman, excited.*)—Then out of the house you go; never darken my doors again.

(*Jennie.*)—Oh! father, have you not one spark of pity for me?

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—No! go!

(*Jennie rises to go to the door.*)—Henry Chase! when your time comes to face your Heavenly Judge, remember the one you drove from a fathers heart and home. Good-by father. (Weeping.)

(*Mr. Rodman.*)—No! go!

(*Exit Jennie Weeping.*)

(*Mr. Rodman, turning to H. Chase.*)—Homeless! Friendless! Childless! Oh! my God! what have I done? (Falls fainting on floor.)

—CURTAIN—

ACT II.

IN THE FAR WEST.

SCENE 1ST. TAVERN REST.

(*Enter Lung Sing.*)—Amelico mane no homee

(*Enter Betsy.*)—Well, you old heathen, what do you want now?

(*Lung Sing.*)—Bange sent me for clothee for washee.

(*Betsy.*)—All right, but look here, if I ever catch you stealing around here again, I will cut that hair of yourn off. Sh! sh! [Exit Betsy.]

(*Lung Sing.*)—Melico woman no likei me, me no likei her, but me likei meligo whisky. Ah! ah! meligo whisky very goode.

(*Enter Betsy.*)—Here you are, you old heathen, what have you been stealing again?

(*Lung Sing.*)—Me no stealee, me only takee to muchee yaho, yaho.

(*Betsy*)—Get out! you theaving blackguard.

(*Enter miners as Lung Sing goes out.*)

(*One of Miners*)—What the matter, Betsy? Oh! that blackguard was stealing again; bad cess to him. (*Miners sit at table.*)

(*Enter Bangs*)—Bb! Bb! a stormy night out, pards! I pity any poor creature out in such a storm as this, but pards, how this night sets my mind back to about two months ago to that poor girl I picked up in the snow, but she was the pretiest gal I ever laid eyes on; but it struck me how very strange that such a delicate creature would be doing out in this howling storm in old Dakota. But that was none of my business, so Betsy, my wife, just took her in and nursed her back to life, but she had a narrow trip from going across River Jordan.

(*Enter H. Chase meantime*)—Excuse me, pard, but may I ask you what kind of looking woman the one you picked up?

(*Bangs*)—But does it interest you any?

(*H. Chase*)—Yes! it does.

(*Bangs*)—Well, she was about medium height, blue eyes and golden hair; but say, stranger, do you know anything about her?

(*H. Chase*)—I dont know but if I do, but I might be mistaken; but say, lets have a warmer, all hands.

(*Miners*)—We are the boys for that.

(*Bangs*)—What your handle stranger?

(*H. Chase*)—Whats that?

(*Bangs*)—Why! your name of course. Every man has a handle.

(*H. Chase*)—Oh! Henry Chase at your service.

(*Bangs*)—Well, heres health to you, Mr. Chase!

(*H. Chase*)—But pards, what brought me out here I will explain. My wife deserted me about two months ago and ran away, and I learned from you about the girl you picked up. I think she is the one I am seeking.

(*Bangs*)—You are probably right. I noticed she was terribly frightened as if she was afraid some one was following her, and, the strangest thing of all wher the fever set in, she would always speak about begging him not to turn her out.

(*H. Chase*)—I can easily explain that. My wife recently lost her mind, and she was under the impression that I would drive her from her home. (*H. Chase, sits at table, aside*) Well, indeed I am in luck. Little did I think I would meet her out in this wilderness, but I will be revenged on her yet.

(*Enter Charlie, sits at opposite table in disguise*)—Landlord! can I get accommodation, I have traveled far?

(*Bangs*)—You can, pard, the best in Dacata too.

(*Charlie, aside*)—I have traveled from town to camp in hopes of hearing some news of Jennie. Fool that I was to leave home so soon, and hear I have reached this dreary place and not a tidings can I learn of her whereabouts. When will this all end. (*Falls asleep.*)

(*H. Chase*)—Seems to me I recognize that man but cannot place him. But say! stranger, wont you try a warmer?

(*Charlie*)—I dont mind if I do. (*Aside*) Anything to drive these thoughts from my mind.

(*H. Chase go to bar.*)

(*Charlie rises and starts*)—Henry Chase out here! That means mischief. I must be cautious.

(*All take a drink.*)

(*Bangs, to Charlie*)—Been long in this part of the country, stranger? Going to locate?

(*Charlie*)—No! I have just arrived from the East a few months ago. I struck a rich lead not far from here.

(*Bangs*)—How does it pan out?

(*Charlie*)—First Rate.

(*H. Chase*)—Lets amuse ourselves, gentlemen, with a friendly game of cards.

(*Charlie*)—Certainly, anything to pass away the time.

(*Enter Jennie.*)

(*Bangs*)—But you should not come out of your room so soon, miss; you are not well yet.

(*Jennie*)—I know it, but I cannot trespass on your kindness any longer; but believe me, I will always be truly grateful to you. Henry Chase! you here?

(*H. Chase*)—Yes! Jennie.

(*Jennie*)—Have I not suffered enough that you should follow me here? May I ask you how is my father?

(*H. Chase*)—He raves curses on your head, and desires never to see your face again. You treated me with scorn, and throwed me over for Charles Wilson. Where is he now to protect you? I swore to pay you back drop for drop. (*H. Chase, turning to miners*)—Gentlemen! this is my wife who I told you had deserted me two months ago.

(*Jennie*)—Gentlemen! I beg of you to protect me from this insult of this man. I am not his wife. It is he who has caused all my misery.

(*H. Chase*)—Dont mind her! She is out of her mind, you see that she recognizes me, (*Aside*)—Jennie, it is useless to flutter. These men are in my pay.

(*Jennie*)—I do not believe a word of it, [*turning to Bangs*] surely you will not let him insult me any longer?

(*Bangs*)—You see! miss, he recognizes you, and you him, and taking in the fact that you are out here by yourself, the thing do not look just right.

(*Jennie*)—Then there is not one man amongst you all, that will protect a helpless and innocent woman?

(*Charlie*)—Yes! there is one, (*removes disguise, all start*) Jennie!

(*Jennie*)—Charlie! save me.

(*H. Chase*)—Charles Wilson, by all thats powerful, but you will not have her, [*rushes at him with a knife*] [*Charlie catches his hand*] Not so quick, Henry Chase, remember that two can play at that game. [*Terrible duel with knives.*] [*Charlie disarms Henry, who falls.*]

(*H. Chase*)—Strike! Charles Wilson, I expect no mercy from you.

(*Charlie*)—No! I never strike a man when he is down. Take your life besides. You are not fit to die; but, beware how you cross my path again. Come Jennie,

SCENE II. IN THE WOODS.

(JENNIE AND CHARLIE.)

Jennie—When will this all end? For three long hours, ever since we missed the road we have been wandering in these dreary woods.

(*Charlie*)—Cheer up! Jennie, there is yet a brighter future in store for us yet.

(*Jennie*)—Would that I could believe it.

(*Charlie*)—Tell me of all your troubles since you left home

(*Jennie*)—It is a very long story to tell. When my father drove me from home, I wandered I know not where from town to camp in hopes of throwing that man off my track, for I felt that I was being followed. I had a little money saved up which I had with me, but alas, that soon gave out, and, one night I found myself in front of a tavern. I could go no further. I cried for help, but it seems that no one heard me, until at last; which seemed eternity of time, some one found me. You know the rest. For two months I was delirious and raved with the fever, and then you found me. But tell me how did you learn of my whereabouts?

(*Charlie*)—My story is something like yours. When I left Charleston, I wandered to the mines, and, while working one day, I found a nugget; the largest ever found in that section. The claim I bought I made well on it, but then I received word that your father had driven you from home on my account, since then I have looked for you everywhere until I felt giving up to disappear until I reached the tavern, and there met Henry Chase. He did not recognize me, but I would know him even amongst a thousand; but Jennie, what ails you?

(*Jennie*)—It is nothing. A walk will do me good.

(*Charlie*)—Come then. [EXIT.]

SCENE III.

LUNG SING'S HOME.

(*Lung Sing*)—Some one come up the road, a stranger too, me just go hide and watch behind the rock.

(*H. Chase*)—Just the spot for a deed! Beaten when I thought victory in my grasp; but the game is not full played yet,

(*Enter Miner*)—Sh!

(*H. Chase*)—Whats that?

(*Miner*)—Its only me, Pistol Pete.

(*H. Chase*)—Well! what have you got to say?

(*Miner*)—The couple is not far down in the woods. Seems they have lost their way.

(*H. Chase*)—So much the better; it will be easier work, Have you seen anything of that Chinee around here?

(*Miner*)—No! he must be gone down to the tavern.

(*H. Chase*)—Have you your pistols ready? Remember there must be no mistake, and dont harm her whatever you do.

(*Miner*)—Never fear! I have not got the name of Pistol Pete for nothing; sh! sh! here they come, lets us hide behind these trees. (*Exit behind trees.*)

(*Enter Charlie and Jennie.*)

(*Jennie*)—See! there is a house. Some one must live there.

(*Charlie*)—We are indeed saved.

(*Jennie*)—Look there!

[Charlie turns. A pistol shot is fired, hits Charlie; falls down a ravine,]

(*H. Chase*)—Jennie, again you are in my power. You slipped away before, but you will have no one to aid you now.

(*Jennie*)—Never! sir, while I have a breath of life; back! you murderer, before you take me I will kill you, (*levels a pair of pistols.*)

(*H. Chase, starts, turns to miner*)—You go around to that boulder while I attract her attention, and then crawl upon her. [Just then Lung Sing is seen carrying Charlie up the rocks.]

(*Jennie*)—Thank Heaven! he is saved.

(*Lung Sing*)—Chinaman goode for something after all.

(*H. Chase, rushes at him.*)

(*Lung Sing*)—No you dont! [*Levels a pistol at him.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

IN CHARLESTON.

SCENE IN MR. RODMAN'S HOUSE.

(*Susan*)—Poor master! How broken hearted he seems ever

since he turned poor Miss Jennie out of her home, but that all comes of having two lovers at one time. I don't blame her a bit for not wanting to marry that Henry Chase just because he is rich and has plenty of money.

SONG BY SUSAN.

LULLABY.

Taken from Kirke, White's Poem.

THE DYING CONVICT MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

TRANSLATED BY E. OPDEBEECK.

MUSIC BY HOFFMAN.

Sleep baby mine, not long thou shalt have me,
Thy cries pierce again my bleeding breast,
Sleep baby mine, though part I must from thee
So sleep baby mine, a sleep again.

2

Sleep baby mine, why keep complaining?
Long from my eyes slumber has fled,
Sleep baby mine, the night is waning
So sleep baby mine, a sleep again.

3

Sleep baby mine, to-morrow I leave thee
Who then will sooth thee while at rest?
Sleep baby mine, ere long I be leaving thee
So sleep baby mine, a sleep again.

Chorus Sleep a bye baby, sleep again

Sleep my darling till at rest,

Who then will sooth thee while I am sleeping?

So sleep my darling, sleep again.

(*Enter H. Chase*)—Is Mr. Rodman in? Susan,

(*Susan*)—Yes sir. [*aside*] speak of his imps and he'll appear.

[*Exit.*]

(*H. Chase*)—Beaten and by a poor fellow. I thought I held the winning cards with the mortgage over his head; but I'll get even with him yet. Curse him for it. I'm a bad man when I am aroused. I will make somebody pay dearly yet for my misfortune. Why does he not come?

(*Enter Mr. Rodman*)—Well sir! what have you got to say? I wish you to be brief; you who have caused me all my sor-

row; through you I turned my own child out into the world—may be to die.

(*H. Chase*)—I cause you to turn her out?

(*Mr. Rodman*)—Yes! you. Do you dare deny it?

(*H. Chase*)—I deny nothing. Did I not offer you a receipt for the mortgage and \$5,000?

(*Mr. Rodman*)—Would you dare insult me still by telling me of that which has made my hair turn gray. There's the door; now leave!

(*H. Chase*)—Leave?

(*Mr. Rodman*)—Yes! As you made me drive my own child I now drive you.

(*H. Chase*)—Well! so be it; but I'll show you what kind a man I am by foreclosing you.

(*Mr. Rodman*)—You can as soon as you like.

(*Exit H. Chase.*)

(*Mr. Rodman, sitting at table*)—Two months that seems two years since I drove my child out into the cold world. Would that I could retrace those two months since then. I have suffered the tortures of hell. Oh! Jennie, can you forgive an erring father. But! alas, where can I find her? [*Falls asleep.*]

(*Enter Jennie and Charlie.*)

(*Jennie*)—Father! oh father; see! at your knees I am kneeling. Can you forgive your erring child?

(*Mr. Rodman*)—Who is that that speaks to me? I thought it was my Jennie come back to me again from the grave. But no! it was but a dream. Why should she come back to one who has brought all this sorrow on her?

(*Jennie*)—Yes father! it is your own Jennie come back to you again.

(*Mr. Rodman*)—Am I dreaming, or is it really my Jennie?

(*Jennie*)—Yes! father.

[*Mr. Rodman*]*—*God be praised for this joy.

[*Embraces her.*]

[*Jennie*]*—*But father! there is one who you must thank too; Charlie.

[*Mr. Rodman*]*—*Charlie! for I must call you that, I suppose.

Can you forgive me for what I have done to you. I was not myself when I said those words.

[*Charlie*].—Mr. Rodman! I do with all my heart on one condition.

[*Mr. Rodman*].—And that?

[*Charlie*].—That you give me your daughter and your blessing.

[*Mr. Rodman*].—You have both, Charlie! Would that I could show my gratitude more; but Jennie, sing me that song that you and Charlie used to sing so well.

“NEATH THOSE SHADED PALMETTO TREES.”

WORDS BY E. OPTEBEECK,

MUSIC BY HOFFMAN.

We wandered by the placid stream
In the spring time long ago,
Where its waters ripple on
Neath those shaded palmetto trees.
As the moonbeams gently beams
Flings its radiance over more,
Lifts the gloom that shadow on
As we wander you and me.

2

‘Tis years since last we parted
As the waters glide between,
And the wind softly sighed
Neath those shaded palmetto trees.
And as memory drifts to days we parted
As we wandered by the stream,
Till at last we are united
As we wander you and me.

[*Charlie*].—I told you I would make a name for myself; one that you would be proud of—that would make the earth tremble.

[*Earthquake Scene.*]

[*Mr. Rodman*].—My God! what is that?

[*Charlie*].—An earthquake! out of the house quick.

[Change of scenery. Just as they rush in the street, house

falls on them. Charlie carries Jennie in the middle of the street. People is seen rushing out of houses.]

[*Charlie, bending over Jennie*—Dead! dead! and I should give to see this! Only a few moments ago so happy and this is the end of my dream of life. Poor Charleston! How hard the hand of fate has dealt with her. Bombarded by Gilmore's guns; swept by fire, storms, cyclone, and now wrecked by an earthquake. I feel as if I must have water, my tongue feels on fire. Water! water! help! or I'll go mad, help! ah! ah! [*falls fainting in street*] Jennie! Jennie! speak to me one word; dead! dead. [*Falls dead.*]

CURTAIN.

——THE END.——



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